

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

### OTTMAR. AN EASTERN TALE.

FAINTER and fainter gleamed the taper in the King's apartment, and the reader at length rolled up his manuscript, after he had finished the awful story of a man who was destined to consign a whole race to the tomb. The mind of the monarch was involved in still deeper gloom than that which externally surrounded him. His legions which had inspired him with confidence in the success of his plans, were routed, dispersed, and reduced to a small band; his subjects, whose love he had ever disdained, came not, in spite of his calls; and he now found himself defenceless among the millions whom he governed. A humiliating peace was on the eve of being concluded: to facilitate the sanction of its conditions by their master, the officers of his court neglected no means to confirm him in the idea, that the errors of his predecessors, not his own, had brought him into this painful situation. The King's vanity was soothed by this consolation; he readily embraced the flattering notion, and that he might not be compelled to accuse himself, he accused the Deity, exclaiming, "Yes, heaven is against me; the sins of my ancestors are visited upon me; where they sowed iniquity, I must reap the punishment; what then can be done but submit to the decrees of Fate!" He gnashed his teeth at these words, for it was only the humility of despair that reigned in his bosom. His servants, praising the greatness of his mind, supported the notion of the sovereign. The aged Leuthold alone thus addressed him: "Be not offended, O King! at the reluctance of an old man already bowed down to the earth by age and infirmity, to descend into the grave pursued by reproaches and loaded with maledictions. I was the counsellor of thy father's throne and therefore, I too, should be responsible, if heaven had doomed thee to suffer for the guilt of thine ancestors. My eyes, Sire, have tears, but my lips have no lies for thee. Thou hast long banished me from thy presence, but now thou hast again summoned me, for the purpose of consulting me in the time of thy need; but I feel myself a stranger to the spirit of the new generation, and must be on my guard that I am not hurried along with it; for the infirmity of age borders closely on the delusion of youth. For this reason, too, I will not pretend to decide whether thou hast been misled; but I entreat thee to send without delay for Ottmar, that he may pronounce his opinion of thine actions and thy sentiments." "Who is Ottmar?" angrily asked the King. "Dost thou not know him?" rejoined Leuthold; "consider, Sire, how deeply the cause of virtue must be injured, if the best men in the country are unknown to thee. This Ottmar is a disciple of wisdom, for he can relinquish and suffer. From a distant land, where with counsel and the sword he conquered for liberty, till his fears that the people wished only for a change of tyranny, not freedom, were realized, he journeyed

hither with his aged father, and lives in poverty." The King with manifest vexation, commanded one of his servants to ask Ottmar, whether fate does not distribute curses and blessings at pleasure; whether it does not compel a new generation to pursue the track of ancient iniquity; and whether it is not at any rate a power absolutely immutable and invincible?

Ottmar sat absorbed in thought, contemplating the tranquil sleep of his venerable father, who had nearly attained the age of one hundred years. He was oppressed with grief, for he had just received the tidings of the death of the best beloved of his scholars, who had fallen in the battle; and to this sorrow was added the affliction of knowing that it was not in his power to preserve his father, though on the brink of the grave, from the horrors of want. In the storms which had burst upon the country, the business of instruction, by which he had gained a subsistence, was interrupted, and he considered in vain how he should procure the most indispensable necessities merely for the coming day. At this late hour the servant of the king appeared before him; the gift of a sum of money accompanied the question of the monarch, whose sentiments the messenger discreetly expounded, bespeaking for his consolation Ottmar's assent to his opinion. Ottmar was overcome with astonishment at the arrival of this most seasonable, yet most unexpected succour, accompanied as it was with a question concerning the power of fate, whose operation this very circumstance seemed calculated to confirm. The extraordinary nature of this visit at the midnight hour, the serene countenance of his sleeping father, and the joy of his heart at being so suddenly relieved from urgent want, overpowered him, and he replied, "At the present moment, I can scarcely help being of your opinion; and am not surprised that your king should in his adversity grasp at such supports." This was sufficient for the courtier; he concluded that he had no contradiction to fear from Ottmar, and how to embellish his answer, so as to render it palatable to the monarch, was now his task—a task, which, as he supposed, he alone was capable of performing; for courtiers consider flattery as the supreme of arts, because it is the most subservient to their ambition.

Ottmar passed a sleepless night after the departure of the messenger; the more he lost sight of himself and his situation, the more important the question appeared to him; and he felt with grief that he had been weak enough, in consequence of an unlooked-for circumstance that was advantageous to him individually, to make himself involuntarily responsible for the future lot of many. The following morning he related the occurrence of the night, to his aged father, who shook his gray head, and only observed, "One resolute man may often influence the actions of numbers." This was sufficient to fix his determination. He repaired to the king, returned his present, informed him of his situation, and the cares which oppressed him. "Sire," he then continued, "the doctrine of fatalism is the grossest illusion that ever sprung from the brain of man, and if thou believest it, thou debasest the Deity below thyself,

and acknowledgest an infernal power above both God and thee. O King! to be and to make happy, was and is thy vocation; thou hast failed in both, and now imaginest, that thou art suffering a chastisement which thou hast not merited. But that God who created all that exists and lives, is not a ruler who favours some and hates others, and whoever would persuade thee so, is a traitor, whom thou shouldst remove from thy presence. Believe nothing then, O King! but from conviction: otherwise thou becomest a fit tool for every iniquity."

The courtiers had listened with stifled indignation to Ottmar's address. Now that the king's countenance expressed strong displeasure, they hazarded some remarks, the drift of which was to charge Ottmar with blaspheming God and his majesty. Ottmar regardless of those who threatened him with destruction, stood calmly waiting for the answer of the king.

"Thou hast asserted," said the monarch, "that every one prepares beforehand for himself the good or evil that befalls him; in this case thou must have prepared thy fate, and canst not but consider it as the consequence of thine own act, that, for the gross insult thou hast offered to my sacred person, I condemn thee to die." An exclamation of horror burst from the lips of Leuthold; Ottmar himself felt for a moment dismayed; then fixing his eyes upon the king, he thus replied:—"I have never yet feared death, though in my own country I have faced him as a general in four battles, in which a just cause was crowned with victory. Neither do I now fear him, when my head begins to be silvered with age, and warns me of the approaching spring of a better life. My death, however would be of no advantage to thee; but it might render thee some service were I to seek it in fighting under thy banners. Send me out by way of putting thy notion of fate to the test. Thine armies are almost annihilated, thy generals at a loss how to act, and thy people overwhelmed with stupor; nothing seems capable of preserving thee from a peace, in the terms of which thy foes will far overstep the limits of their right. I will throw myself into the breach to oppose this injustice; perhaps with my former reputation I may succeed in rousing thy people to resist foreign encroachments. Thou hast not yet accepted the conditions; place me at the head of the relics of thine army; let me try whether thy belief that fate has decreed the downfall of thy race will be verified."

The king, struck with the novelty of the idea, and listening to the whispers of hope, looked round at his attendants. Leuthold with trembling step, approached him and said:—"Accept, dread Sovereign!—accept Ottmar's proposal; he will be sure to die, if he cannot deliver thee and thy country; for thou wilt be compelled to give him up to the fury of the foe. Consider that he has the reputation of a brave and upright man, and that thy cause will gain both in the estimation of thy people and thine enemies, if Ottmar offers himself a sacrifice for it: and forget not, in thy clemency, that he is the sole support of his very aged father." Tears interrupted the old man's speech; the other attendants were silent, and the king appeared affected. At length he asked: "What security shall I have

for intrusting him with such power?" "Sire," replied Ottmar, "if my character were not pledge sufficient, thou hast in thy power my father, the dearest object to me upon earth, whom I would not fail to redeem at the price of my life." The king wavered; none of his courtiers could suggest any resource; and as there appeared a possibility for which they were not prepared, they kept silence, till the king, deciding for himself, signified his assent. His servants, apprehending still greater calamities from a prolongation of the struggle with fate, advised their master to refrain at least from all actual interference; but Ottmar insisted on decision, and the king, unwilling to relinquish the fresh hopes which he had conceived, gave full power to Ottmar to act as he thought expedient. With a slight smile at this change in the king, who, flattered by the possibility of restoring the ancient splendour of his house, speedily forgot the circumstances of his having been about to play the part of fate in regard to Ottmar, the latter commenced his work, and the very same day addressed this proclamation to the people:—"The king is in despair! He imagines that the guilt of his forefathers pursues him in the calamities which have burst upon us all. But what have ye done, that ye should share the punishment? Ye loved not the king, because ye were obliged to suffer, and he listened not to your complaints: it will be the more generous in you to prove to him that ye deserve his love, and will have cause to complain if ye do not obtain it. But, can the foreign conqueror feel any affection for you? He will oppress you, he will despise you, unless ye display energy and resolution. Life and ignominy!—death and glory!—who can hesitate in such a choice? The king deems me qualified for the honour of leading the way to oppose oppression and death, as I once did in my own country. I am ready; but it were more advisable for you to choose your leader out of your own number, and then not one of you will suffer himself to be surpassed by me in the conflict for your welfare. Decide: I will head you, or I will fight in your ranks! God is just: and the just cause will triumph, if ye do what is right!"

This summons, like a call to new life, roused the people from the apathy which had hitherto paralyzed them. Those who have no prospect of bettering their condition feel no motive for exertion; but the words of Ottmar, impressive from their truth, convinced them that evils more intolerable than their present state might be approaching, and that by averting these they might even improve their future situation. Accordingly, desiring no other leader, they thronged around Ottmar; and courage supplied the place of discipline, which, without inward energy, is not to be depended on. From Ottmar's country also, warriors hastened to his standard; the first was Juano, a young man, who once forfeited his life, because prejudiced by the doctrines of his religion, which preached up hatred of other opinions, he slew a man in the vehemence with which he defended his own faith. Ottmar appeared before his judges, insisting with all the fire of eloquence, that though Juano was certainly criminal, yet he ought not to be condemned by the laws of that country, whose system of



education sowed the seeds of iniquity. Where the laws command the seeds of what is bad to be introduced and cherished in the hearts of men, the latter are not responsible for the fruit, how horrible soever it may be. This position Ottmar supported with arguments so overpowering, that Juano, as he professed the established religion of the country, and was defended by Ottmar, then in the height of military fame, received a mild sentence; and with the same fervour with which he committed the crime, he testified his gratitude to his benefactor. Ottmar admitted him into the number of his disciples, eradicated from his mind the false precepts instilled into it by his education, and kindled in their stead an ardent love of knowledge, the source of all that is great and excellent. On this occasion Ottmar welcomed him with joy; and Juano, like the second soul of his benefactor, communicated the patriotic flame to fresh legions, that followed those which Ottmar led without delay to meet the enemy. The unexpectedness of the thing produced its effect: the conqueror lost time, and Ottmar soon found himself strong enough to venture an attack. He conducted the conflict with consummate skill: wherever a momentary confusion took place among his troops, he rallied them by his presence: and when, after a day of prodigious slaughter, he stood upon the field which he had won, the rejoicings of his army only served to aggravate his own painful emotions. A messenger was despatched after the general of the enemy, with proposals for an equitable adjustment of differences, and a termination of the war. The answer was delayed; at length it was given in words of haughty defiance from fortifications towering aloft to heaven. Ottmar arrived before them: the ardour of his warriors, inflamed by victory, was not to be repressed; they rushed to the assault, were repulsed, and numbers fell in every succeeding attempt. The enemy pursued them closely in their retreat, offering them battle, which it seemed equally dangerous to accept or decline.

It was evening; a sable cloud portended a tremendous storm; on that side of the horizon that was not yet overcast, the fortifications were discernible; upon them waved the colours of the enemy, whose shouts of triumph were also heard in the distance. "Juano!" cried Ottmar, and Juano stood before him: "My friend," said Ottmar "we have lost many warriors; but it is the valour of the living, not the number of the dead, that decides battles. Art thou prepared to die, Juano?"—The young man paused for a moment, and then calmly replied, "Yes, general."—"Well then, try this night, which will soon be obscured by the coming storm, to listen our colours to the flag-staves of those fortifications. At break of day I must hazard an attack; should our colours be seen floating there, perhaps this moment of panic may suffice to give the victory to our diminished force. Full well I know that I demand thy life, Juano!"—"General," answered Juano; "it was thou who once saved it for me; take it, and let me thus expiate my guilt! But, for having taught me to find heaven within myself, I reserve the expression of my gratitude till I meet thee again in another world. Take this paper, which I have for some time carried about me, as my last will, in case I had fallen. Should I not return in the morning, open it. Farewell!" Ottmar, with profound emotion, took leave of Juano, who hastened away, disguised as one of the enemy's soldiers, and provided with the colours. The tempest soon enveloped the whole country in darkness. Ottmar prepared with solemn devotion for the battle, and with the first dawn of day he commenced the attack which the enemy vigorously resisted. All at once the colours of Ottmar's army

illuminated by the rays of the morning sun, were seen waving on the fortifications. "Juano!" was the general cry. Redoubled energy was infused into their ranks, while terror seized those of the enemy. Part of the latter conceiving that they were surrounded, fled in a lateral direction, to keep out of the reach of the works; while a detachment headed by Ottmar, threw itself between the enemy and the fortress, from which most of the garrison had sallied forth: and though the colours soon disappeared, yet the conflict was decided by the confusion of the enemy, and in the evening Ottmar was master of their camp, and of the fortifications.

Juano! was the conqueror's first thought, when sheathing his victorious sword; and a tear trickled down his manly cheek. He opened the paper which his friend had delivered to him as his last will, and read these words: "I have been for some months a husband, and should soon have been a father; I have supported the family of the man whom I slew. I have concealed these circumstances from Ottmar, lest he should reject my services: he will now be a father to my orphans."—"Unfortunate friend!" cried Ottmar; "oh that I had been apprised of this!" His grief drove him out amid the stillness of night, to devote lamentation and prayer to the memory of the hero. A deep groan ascending from a profound abyss suddenly struck his ear. "What sufferer is there?" cried Ottmar. "Juano!" was the faint reply. Ottmar was no less rejoiced than if peace had been already won. He sent out succours to the foot of the precipice; it was Juano himself whom they brought back with them. He had found the enemy off his guard, and by climbing the rock was enabled to execute his commission: but while attaching the third ensign, he heard the sound of voices: commending his soul to God, he leaped from the height, and fell upon a heap of dead bodies, which had been thrown together in a ditch. Long had he there lain bereft of sense, and it was not till now that he learned the signal success of his daring deed.—"Thou hast preserved the lives of thousands," said Ottmar; for peace cannot be far distant, and the objects of thy care and affection are for ever provided for!"—his words were verified; Juano was royally rewarded: and, charged with the most honourable proposals for peace from the enemy, Ottmar himself proceeded to the capital, where he was received by the inhabitants with the wildest transports of joy. The king embraced Ottmar, and would have conferred on him titles and distinctions, but he said; "No, sire; if I coveted what others do, I should pursue the same course as they. Sign this treaty, which restores to thee all that thou hast ever possessed, and thou mayest now possess it more securely, since thine enemies have been taught to fear thee. My arguments against thy notion of fate are established, I have redeemed my promise, and now I shall return to the enjoyment of repose in the cultivation of science."

The king, however, determined otherwise; he wished his enemy to feel as he had done, the horrors of humiliation; revenge was his watchword, and he commanded Ottmar to crush the foe entirely. "O king!" replied he, "so far extends thy right, and no farther will I go. Thou art again sovereign of a mighty state; use thy strength with prudence, and beware of giving way to revenge—otherwise thou wilt lose thyself—thou wilt lose all. Peace is practicable in those cases only in which due regard is paid to the rights of the enemy. Prove that thou desirest a durable peace. For my part I assure thee, that no power on earth, not even the fear of death itself, shall compel me to renew the conflict."—The king was incensed with rage; the courtiers added fuel to the flame; and the people

too began to think more of revenge than deliverance. Ottmar's refusal was called high treason; his former proclamation to the people was pronounced to be treason; and through the especial favour of the sovereign, the sentence of death was commuted to exile. Ottmar quitted the city, supporting his aged father, and accompanied by Juano alone; its inhabitants who, but a few days before, had greeted him with acclamations, now overwhelmed him with abuse.—In a distant land, and in the solitude of a forest, where Juano built a simple habitation, and reared the fruits of the country, he and his spouse attended Ottmar and his father, who rejoiced that the days of trial were over. The contention of men penetrated not to this seclusion; and only now and then their roof afforded shelter to the way-lost traveller. Thus it happened that one night a voice solicited admission. Juano opened the door, and a man sunk in mute despair at his feet. With mingled awe and astonishment they recognised the king. His work of revenge had infused new energy into his enemies; deserted by all his favourites, flight was his only resource; and the pilgrim's staff all that he had left of a mighty kingdom. The friends received the houseless monarch with respectful cordiality, and when the vehemence of his sorrow had somewhat abated, Ottmar thus addressed him: "From thee, O king! I did not receive an asylum, though thou wast one of the high and mighty of the earth; nor didst thou thyself find a retreat in thy wide dominions; for thou wast not the servant of thy duties, but the slave of thy passions. And here is Juano, who was once a murderer, and whom I taught to find happiness within himself—he would have sacrificed his life at my bidding, and to him I can relinquish the care of providing for my age; nay, he has even delivered himself from those pangs which are the necessary results of guilt. O sire! learn, though late, that there is no such thing as an hereditary curse, but that it is the consequence of a man's own actions which pursue him even to the grave."

#### OKANO THE CARIB.

The Caribs, so numerous in the American islands when Columbus discovered the new world, have been almost entirely extirpated. The feeble remains of these people, which are still scattered in some of the West Indian isles, are either degenerated, or nearly extinct. The inhuman conquerors who began this depopulation, have thought proper to paint them with the most unfavourable colours; but in thus traducing these poor people, in order to lessen the horror which their destruction must excite, they have not been able to conceal from us, how much the manners of these unfortunate Indians were distinguished by gentleness and infantine simplicity. When we contemplate them, even in the blackened pictures of the Spanish historians, we shall find a striking resemblance between these Caribs and the islanders of the South Sea, which the celebrated Captain Cook and M. de Bougainville have exhibited in such interesting views. Such, indeed, is the man of nature; mild, artless, and intent alone upon enjoyment. The fertile soil, the happy climate which he inhabits, afford in profusion without the slightest labour, whatever can contribute to his felicity; and the primitive goodness of his heart is undegraded by the factious passions of civilized nations, or by the wants of those savage tribes that dwell in less favoured countries. Love is the only passion to which he is sensible with more than ordinary animation; that alone which can disturb the tranquillity of his soul.

The Caribs, notwithstanding their natural apathy, experienced the excesses of

this irresistible passion; and as they obeyed its impulse with greater impetuosity, and better understood its delights than those nations do whom other cares engage, they felt also with more impatience, perhaps, the restraints of opposition and impediment. These peaceful beings would then so far forget their natural character, as to yield to the horrid dictates of revenge and cruelty. Of this the following narrative is an instance, which may give us, moreover, some idea of the character of a people, whose history will, probably, ever remain unknown.

Torn, some years ago, from the follies, infatuation, and heedlessness of youth, as well as from all the pleasures of study and friendship, I crossed the ocean, and landed at St. Domingo. Fortune, which had just exiled me from all that was dear to my heart, now appeared, as it were, disposed to make me some compensation, by introducing me to one of those uncommon men, in whom the virtues are not less conspicuous than genius, and who ever command unsolicited admiration and respect. Notwithstanding the disparity of our years, this excellent man instantly gave me the most cordial welcome. The climate had subjected me to that cruel change, to which all are exposed who arrive in the torrid zone. My generous friend, therefore, prevailed upon me to leave Cape Francois, for change of air, and to endeavour to perfect my recovery at his plantation.

Here I had liberty to indulge in that solitude, and in those reveries, of which I have been ever fond. With a volume of Homer, of Racine, or of Fenelon in my hand, I wandered often along the plantations of sugar-canes, to visit the banks of a fine river, which almost surrounds my friend's extensive estate. I then followed a majestic walk of bamboos, that extended to the mouth of the river. A small meadow, partly shaded by a forest of logwood and mangoe-trees, presented in this spot an enchanting landscape. On the other side of the river, are the downs that separate the Limba from Port Margot; and, beyond these, is an immense extent of ocean, where the eye is amused by the vessels constantly passing in all directions.

While I was admiring this magnificent prospect, and my soul, borne, as it were, beyond the waves, followed the distant vessels, or flew towards my country and my friends, I perceived a naked man often cross the shore at some distance from me, cast his net into the sea, and return, laden with fish, to a little grove of mangoes. I took him, for some time, to be one of the mongrel inhabitants of the island, a fisherman in the neighbourhood. But, at last, his industry in this solitary spot excited my curiosity; and, one day, I followed him, as he was returning to his asylum. Here some leaves of the palm-tree formed a little hovel, sufficient to shelter him from the violent rains. A hammock, made of a kind of hemp that spontaneously grows here, was suspended on two trees; and many calabashes of different sizes, admirably carved, were all the utensils he had.

I perceived, as he approached me, that this man was of the Indian race. His glossy hair, copper colour, flattened forehead, and eyes that seemed to seek each other, all bespoke his origin. I observed him in silence; and he, without speaking a single word, continued his work. Presently, he made a great hole in the sand: in this he put a quantity of dry wood, which he kindled, and which soon became a fierce flame. Over this he placed the fish he had just caught, sprinkling over it a little salt and allspice, and plenty of citron juice; and, when the fish was well broiled, he spread it over a large banana leaf, with a heap of bananas, and invited me to eat. This invitation was the first speech he addressed to me; for he had hitherto acted



as if he had been quite alone. An air of frankness and simplicity, as well as the delicious appearance of his repast, would not permit me to refuse the good savage. I confess, too, that I never eat more excellent fish. My appetite delighted my host, and he appeared so well satisfied with me, that, when we had finished our meal, I ventured to ask him some questions.

'You are a Carib,' said I.—'Ah! yes,' answered he, his head dropping on his breast, and tears swimming in his eyes. Then he suddenly rose, and looked round, as if apprehensive of being heard. 'My friend,' added I, 'how long have you lived here?' 'Three years,' he replied: 'the negroes of the neighbouring plantations bring me bananas and tobacco: and, in return, I give them a part of my fish, and some calabashes that I carve for them.' 'Where did you live before you came here?' At this question he uttered a deep sigh, and his tears began to flow again. 'But tell me at least your name,' I continued.—'My name! My name!' replied he, with an air of wildness: 'You shall know it; but never mention it while I inhabit this spot. My name is Okano.' Saying this, he threw himself with his face on the sand, and with his hands pressed the earth, as if he wished that it might open to conceal him. My soothing expressions, and all the signs of sensibility and compassion that I evinced, obliged him, at last, to rise; but I could not extort another word from him, and, at the approach of night, I retired, my heart impressed with melancholy.

Deeply affected as I was by this adventure, I took care, however, not to mention it to any person; but I was determined to see Okano again, and to prevail upon him, if possible, to gratify my curiosity. Nevertheless, I was cautious not to betray too much eagerness, lest I should render him mistrustful of me. The next day, I waited till it was somewhat late before I repaired again to the same place; and that day I would not even put any questions to the Carib. But I presented him some tobacco-leaves and different fruits, which seemed to please him much. The following days, I returned familiarly, and began to accustom him so well to my presence, that he would now hardly begin his evening repast till I arrived. Every time, however, that I again inquired his history, he kept a profound silence: he wept; he made signs to me, with his hand, not to urge him; and he often threw himself, as before, upon the ground.

One day, when I went to visit him at an earlier hour than usual, I did not find him; and I spent the whole afternoon expecting him, in vain. His hammock was still suspended, and his calabashes in the same order. Not a single thing was missing in his hovel. The next day, and many days after, I still sought for him in vain. Okano appeared no more. Many reports were then spread of the death of this unfortunate Indian. The negroes, who loved him, were exhausted in conjectures. Some supposed that the Zombies had carried him off; others, that he had killed himself; and others, with greater probability, that he had been devoured by a shark or an alligator. At last, my health being firmly re-established, I left the plantation of my excellent friend, without being able to discover what was become of the unfortunate Okano.

About a year afterwards, I took a journey to that part of the island called Port-au-Prince, unfortunately celebrated by the earthquakes, which have so often rendered it a scene of desolation. I was then desirous to see those great lakes, which, in this part of the island, divide the French settlements from those of the Spaniards; and a hunting party, concerted with some of the inhabitants, soon gave me the opportunity. We were five

white hunters, attended by five negro slaves, and some mules laden with our baggage, with biscuit and with wine. We repaired to a small harbour, at the bottom of the plain, where we embarked in a canoe, in order to cross the first lake. We sent our negroes, our horses, and our mules, by the defiles of the mountains, and rejoined them at the farm of a Spaniard named Narcisso.

The Spaniards of St. Domingo lead, in general, a kind of patriarchal life, with which, perhaps, it will not be unenterprising to be acquainted. The description of that of Narcisso will exhibit an idea of it. Proprietor of a farm about eight leagues long, and half as many broad, Narcisso possessed many great herds of cattle, with numerous flocks of goats and sheep. His house, situated in the centre of an extensive meadow, is very plain and convenient. The galleries which surround, and the peristyle which divides it, preserve a perpetual coolness. In this peristyle are suspended many light hammocks, in which the men swing, while the women sitting round, on folding chairs of leather, are employed in embroidery, or needle-work, or in singing some ballads accompanied by the guitar. At whatever time of the day any strangers arrive there, they are presented with coffee, sweetmeats, fruit, and excellent milk; and a refusal would be almost deemed an affront. Narcisso appeared to be fifty years of age; his wife, who was younger, and of Indian origin, was still very handsome; and five charming daughters composed their family.

We were engaged four or five days together in hunting and fishing, in which this country afforded abundant sport. We were satiated with fish, with wild speckled hens, peacocks, curlews, ring-doves, and other game, not less delicious. At length I, who was desirous of visiting the two lakes, proposed to one of my companions to second me; he consented; and while the three others remained with Narcisso, he proceeded along the mountains of Baroco. I set out on the opposite side, followed by my negro; and we agreed to meet at the Bay of Neybe.

On the second day of this excursion, after having coasted, for a long time, on the banks of the lake, I was obliged to leave it to seek for an asylum. I proceeded, about two leagues, by the side of a small river; and, at last, among many thickets of cocoa and banana trees, I discovered a neat little cot. I repaired to this, and requested hospitality of an Indian woman, at the door. She desired me to alight, and, while my negro took care of my horses, I spread my provisions on the table, and invited to partake with me, not only the Indian woman who had welcomed me, but also two women much younger, one of whom had a child at her breast. These women kindly accepted my invitation; and after my negro had also supped, he hung my hammock under a small gallery of the cottage, and I retired to rest. The women also retired to their apartment, and it was quite night when a man arrived. From the manner in which he was received, I could not doubt that he was the master of the cottage; but imagine my surprise, when I heard his voice, I fancied I heard that of Okano. I could not, however, be quite persuaded of this. It was too certain, I thought, that Okano had perished in the Limba, to be thus resuscitated in Neybe. I durst not even venture to call my hosts, to ascertain the truth. I spent the night in this suspense, and it was not till sun-rising that I again beheld the good Carib.

His surprise was equal to mine; and it is impossible to describe his transports. He kissed my hands and feet, he wept, laughed, uttered cries of joy, and leaped like a child. In fine, after having breakfasted, 'Okano,' said I, 'now that you seem happy, you will relate your adventures.'—'Very willingly,' he answered,

'I have no longer any thing to conceal from you.'—He instantly began the following narration, interrupted often by his tears:—

'I am of the small number of free Indians that are yet existing in this island. Neither the Spanish nor African blood has been mingled with my race. Born on the banks of the Ozama, I lived there, thoughtless and happy, when an Indian woman, who had then just lost her husband, came to beg an asylum in our little cottage. The character of my father had led this woman to believe, that she should find a protector in him; and she was not disappointed. My mother was dead. My eldest brother lived here, with his wife and two daughters, whom you now see. I was the only child that lived with my father; and that good old man was happy to afford the widow the protection she implored. But, alas! why must I relate an adventure so dear and so fatal? an adventure, to which I owe the few happy moments I have enjoyed, and which has embittered the rest of my laborious life. This Indian widow was not alone. She was accompanied by her daughter, or rather by one of our Zemas, who had condescended to take a human form. To all the charms which we can desire in women, the beautiful Yanga, in the flower of her age, united that celestial candour which they sometimes possess. Her person was majestic as the young palm trees, and flexible as the pliant reeds. But her exterior charms were the least worthy of admiration. The sweet-minded Yanga surpassed in tenderness the amorous and timid dove. In a word, the moment my eyes beheld, my heart adored her. I delayed not to speak my sentiments to my well-beloved; and with what ecstasy did I find her sensible to my passion. Scarce, however, had we formed the blissful union, when death deprived me of my father. This was the first misfortune I ever knew; but Yanga and her mother wept with me; and ah! how soothing were the tears of Yanga! Alas, could I then foresee, that I should soon have to weep for her?

My father, in his dying moments, had been visited by a Carib, named Tinamou, who knew the virtues of many plants, but who, nevertheless, had not found one that was salutary for us. This Carib saw Yanga then, and the poison of love infected his heart. Tinamou soon after lost a wife by whom he had two children, and he eagerly came to desire Yanga to replace her. Yanga and her mother frankly told him the insurmountable obstacle in our union. The Carib retired in silence.

Some months passed away after this adventure; we had even forgotten it, when I formed a design to go and catch in the Ozama, a kind of fish of which Yanga was very fond, and which is very plentiful in a particular pool of that river, some leagues from our habitation. I left my cottage at sun-rising; but before I departed, I embraced my well-beloved. She wept profusely; and never, never were her caresses so tender and endearing. Oh heaven! I think I still see—I still hear her, I still feel her embraces! I went to fish for Yanga only, and yet, the whole day, my heart was overwhelmed by melancholy. Heaven gave me a confused presentiment of my misfortune; for our good Zemas constantly endeavour to discover the evil that awaits us; but the Manitou irresistibly drags us on.

My fishing was successful. I even resumed my serenity, when, on a sudden, the idea of Tinamou obtruded upon me. I flew to my cottage; but it was too late: the crime was committed; and the first object I saw, on entering my habitation, was the mother of Yanga lying on the body of her dying daughter, and endeavouring in vain to revive her. I flew to my well-beloved. I received her last sigh: she expired in my arms. Oh, my friend, if you have ever loved, and in the

moment that you loved the most, have lost the object of your tenderness, think what was the grief, the anguish of my soul! Without that, you can have no conception of it. I could not weep: I was distracted: I sunk to the earth in long fainting fits. From this state of stupefaction, I recovered only to utter cries of rage and desperation, and to invoke death, who would not hear me. At last in a few days, when my senses were somewhat calmed, and a more tranquil grief had succeeded my distraction, I was told the cause of my wife's death. The barbarous Tinamou had taken advantage of my absence, and watched the moment to surprise Yanga, when she went to bathe in the Ozama. There, the monster had seized her, and forced her to swallow a manchinele apple, which is the most dreadful poison in nature.

I instantly swore, that I would live to avenge my well-beloved. I flew to Tinamou; he was not to be found. I sought for him in vain for many months together. At last, I imagined, that he might be found in that bay of our island, where the Spaniards still employ some Indians to dive for pearls. This was the season for that fishery. I went there. When I arrived I mixed with the Caribs, who were on the shore, and observed the divers as they disappeared, or as they came up again with oysters. What was my satisfaction when I discovered Tinamou! He did not perceive me. I waited for the moment that he dived again, when I suddenly plunged in after him, I seized him by one of his legs, and dragged him far into the sea, resolved that he should perish, and to perish with him, were it necessary. Tinamou was at least twice my age, and much more robust than I. But all his efforts were in vain: I had so well fastened to him, that he could not disengage himself. At last, I perceived his limbs benumbed: he was drowned; and I left him to the waves. When I returned to the shore, I related my misfortune and my revenge to the Indians, who universally applauded me.

Tinamou left two sons, who soon became men. The custom among us, is constantly to punish death by death. The two sons of Tinamou determined upon mine, and I was obliged to leave the banks of the Ozama, to escape from them. I retired to the mountain of Cibao: they went there to seek me. I removed to Samana, and they followed me there. At last, I could conceal myself no where but on the shore of the Limba, where first you knew me. After six years of exile and apprehensions, I saw, one night, in a dream, my elder brother, who seemed to implore my assistance. I departed instantly: I came hither; and I learned, that the two sons of Tinamou, despairing of finding me, had assassinated my unfortunate brother, and had abandoned the island of St. Domingo. I went, at first, to see my former habitation, and to weep over the grave of Yanga. Not finding her mother, who had gone to die far from thence, I took up the remains of my well-beloved: I brought them to this place, and reinterred them in the midst of those cocoa-trees, where I can adore them every day.

I then settled in this place, that I might be a protector to the widow and daughters of my brother. Shall I avow it to thee? They were all desirous that I should become the husband of her whom you see with that child; and I have yielded to their desire, and to the dictates of nature. O Yanga, wilt thou pardon it? In uttering these last words, the tears flowed more profusely from him; but his young wife, who was weeping also, went, and presented his child to him. Okano took it, caressed it, and began even to smile upon it: and I saw, that in the deepest affliction, the affections and effusions of nature are ever sweet and consolatory.



## THE TRAVELLER.

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

COWPER.

STATE OF  
SOCIETY IN RUSSIA.

The following extracts are from a work, which has just made its appearance at Paris, entitled "Russia and Slavery;" by M. Passenaus, who passed several years in that country. The *Exposé* which they contain of the wretched condition of the Russian peasantry, and the total degeneracy of manners, will enable us to form a much more correct idea of the character and principles of the Emperor Alexander, than all the high sounding panegyrics on his magnanimity, philanthropy, and noble actions, with which the press has, of late years, teemed in almost every country.

**Slavery.** There is no regulation, by the laws of Russia, for the hours of labour, clothing, food or wages, of slaves: every thing is left to the masters. It is not uncommon for a Russian nobleman to compel his slaves to work five days in the week for hire, and leave them only the remaining two to provide for themselves and families. A Russian calculates his riches by the number of his vassals. Formerly slaves in Russia were sold in the public markets, and regularly advertised. The emperor Alexander, ashamed of this publicity, but unwilling or afraid to abolish the custom, ordered the mode of advertising to be altered. In the present day, therefore, the sale of a slave is frequently announced in the following terms:—A. B.—naming his various qualifications—is permitted to go to service. Apply to —.

**Modern Peasantry.** The house, or rather the hut of the peasants, is formed of pieces of timber piled upon each other; the interstices being filled with moss; there is rarely more than one window, formed of a single pane of glass, or a piece of talk. The entry is by a very large door, opening into a narrow court. The stable and hay loft are at the back of the house; the door is so low that it is impossible for a moderately sized person to enter without stooping. On the right is a large stove or oven, the top of which serves for a bed place for the whole family, who sleep upon mats without taking off their clothes. During the winter, when the cold is intense, the pigs, poultry, and calves, are allowed to sleep in the room where the oven is; but there are very few of the peasants, indeed, who have any cattle or poultry to take care of. The furniture of the hut is exceedingly simple: a few pots ranged round the oven, are the kitchen utensils, a bench serves for a seat, and a large plank for a table. At their repasts the family sit round the table after having made the sign of the cross. The usual fare is soup, made with bread and some cabbage poured into a large dish, out of which each person helps himself. The coarse cloth worn by the peasant is generally of his own manufacture, and is made into articles of dress by his wife. Their shoes are made of bark, and seldom last longer than a fortnight. Hospitality is a virtue practised even by the poorest peasant; the traveller enters his hut, makes the sign of the cross, and after saying, 'bread and salt,' sits down unceremoniously to table. In no part of the world are there so few deformed persons as amongst the lower class of Russians. The bad living and hard labour which they undergo, however, render them unable to resist the rigours of the climate. The children, even in the depth of winter, have frequently no other covering than a shirt. When the cold seizes them, they run to the stove, where they experience a heat which is almost insupportable. They

pass suddenly from a temperature of twenty-five or thirty degrees of cold, to twenty-five degrees of heat: it is easy to imagine what must be the effect upon the constitution. The physical strength of a Russian peasant, or other labourer, is very inferior to that of the same description of person in France or England. A Paris porter will carry with ease a burden which a Russian could scarcely lift from the ground.

**The Baths.** We went to one of the most celebrated baths on the other side of the river Moscow; on our way thither, we saw hundreds of young men and women bathing naked in the river, without appearing to excite the least curiosity in the passengers: but what struck me most forcibly was, the sight of several washerwomen, who had stripped themselves in order to wash their linen with greater ease. On arriving at the bath, which was a double range of buildings, one side being appropriated for men, and the other for women, but with no other division than windows without curtains, I remarked, that the men when they left the bath, crossed through the court in which the women were without seeming to inconvenience the latter. I noticed upon the bodies of the bathers, male and female, marks of a very peculiar nature, and on inquiry, found, that they were the result of the bastinado. When we had taken off our clothes we entered the bath, where I was nearly suffocated by the vapour. In the centre of the room was an immense stove covered with red hot stones; in another part were straw palliasses, covered with white linen, and strewn with aromatic herbs. The servant who waited upon us commenced by throwing water upon the hot stones, from which proceeded a vapour which soon produced profuse perspiration. He then flogged us with a kind of whip calculated to keep every muscle in motion, without producing pain, and when we had been well sweated, we were rubbed down with soap and flannel. This process was repeated several times.

**The Army.** The Russian noblemen are bound to supply recruits for the new regiments. They are bound to clothe them and find them in provisions for six months. Until lately the nobles would send none to the army but the worst of their slaves, and there were instances of nobles who had no very bad characters of whom they wished to rid themselves, purchasing such from their neighbours at a rate of 8*l.* to 60*l.* per head, according to the period. It is no protection for a slave to have a family; he must serve: and when the campaign is long, it is by no means uncommon for a noble to compel the wife to marry again, for the purpose of increasing the population of his estate.

**Manners.** To such a degradation has the slavery of the body reduced the minds of the serfs, that they think of nothing but debauchery. It is computed, that upwards of 200,000 persons die annually in Russia from the effects of intoxicating liquors.—The nobles are destitute of principle, and therefore rarely pay their debts. Their persons and houses are sacred, but if any of their slaves are found away from the premises or their owner, they may be seized and retained by the creditor. I once saw the coachman, groom, and cook of a Russian nobleman, taken under his own eyes. 'I am glad of it,' said he, 'they were an extravagant set of rascals, who were bringing me to ruin.' I knew another nobleman, who bestowed an abundance of alms, but who would never pay a debt. His stair-case was daily crowded with beggars, to whom he gave liberally. On one occasion he was surprised to see a creditor of his to a large amount, amongst the beggars. 'Give freely,' said the creditor, holding out his hand, 'it is all I shall receive from you to relieve the misery which you have caused me.'

## LITERATURE.

If criticism are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.  
MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

*The Steam Boat.* By the author of *Sir Andrew Wylie, Annals of the Parish, &c.*

This is Mr. Galt's worst production. It has all the peculiar traits of style which characterize his former works, with less interest of plot. It is a strange medley of unmeaning and barren stories, strung together without any connexion, and only redeemed from utter contempt by the singular and bewitching grace of expression which is so peculiar to the author. Mr. Galt is unquestionably a man of genius; but it is the genius for decoration, much more than for invention. He is the painter who adorns and beautifies the splendid pillar of the architect, but is incapable himself of framing and erecting the column.

We have not much to say of this work; it does not deserve any thing like a regular criticism. A number of the stories have previously appeared in *Blackwood*, and have by no means aided the waning reputation of that Magazine. The first tale, entitled "the Russian" is but a poor decoy to those which follow; and so far from tempting us to continue the perusal, it well nigh induces the reader to throw the book under the table. The greatest objection to it is, that the moral is bad. The sentiment throughout is gross and indelicate, and it is but an aggravation of the offence, that the language is not so. This hiding of impure thoughts beneath the veil of purity, is far more pernicious than clothing them in the vulgar garb that is appropriate for them. Vice in her proper dress disgusts us; but when she arrays herself in the fair attire of innocence, we clasp her with delight, and perish in the embrace. It is melancholy and humbling to see genius profane its high gifts, and kneel before forbidden altars. It is monstrous to see the proud and lofty qualities of mind engaged in the service of sensuality; and that spirit which ought to cherish virtue, purity, and innocence, employed in wreathing flowers around the dark and deformed figure of vice. There is no excuse for this offence: it cannot arise from carelessness, want of thought, nor ignorance, but solely from a degradation of moral taste, and a death of pure feeling. If, in a whole volume there be one, and only one indelicate expression, only one allusion that would offend the heart of a delicate female, it is enough to condemn the whole. Females are the principal readers of this class of books, and for this reason a single offence of this kind is unpardonable. We cannot be too cautious in our care to preserve the vestal purity of woman's heart; its influence, mild as it is, powerfully affects not only individual but national character. We might tax history for a thousand examples to prove this assertion; we might find them in ancient Sparta and Scythia; we might compare the characters of ancient and modern Rome, and the difference between the matrons of old and the voluptuous daughters of modern Italy; we might instance, the influence of female character on national manners in revolutionary France. There is no need, however, of accumulating instances to prove what all must know to be true. But we have wandered very far from our intended path, and must return to it.

We have said before that Mr. Galt is a genius; and had we no other proof than the book before us, it would be enough. No one can read his works, without admiring the elegance and polish of his style, and the masterly command he has over language, and without regretting that he should so far forget himself as to indulge, ever and anon, in vulgarity of sentiment. He is fitted by nature for

better things, and we yet hope to see a volume from his pen in which the thought shall equal the style in chastity; we ask no more.

The best of these stories is, perhaps, the one headed "Deucalion of Kentucky." The incident is grand, and the narration powerfully affecting. "The Wearyful Woman" wearied us almost to death. The broken tale of the "Norseman" irritated our temper, which was not at all sweetened by "King Charles and the witches." About forty pages are filled with a nonsensical account of the "Coronation," which might better have been put in the fire-place. To conclude, there is much to praise and much to blame in the book: much elegance of diction, and much barrenness of incident. Let Mr. G. chasten his thoughts, and restrain his fancy when it runs over the bounds of delicacy, as it does often in "the Entail," and occasionally in the "Steam-Boat," and he may rest assured, that he will not lose by it either in purse or in reputation.

J. G. B.

## THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts will attend.  
BROOKS.

ACCOUNT OF  
HARLEQUIN, MIME, AND PANTOMIME.

*Harlequin*, in Italian Comedy, signifies a buffoon dressed in party-coloured clothes, similar to a merry-andrew, or jack-pudding, in our drolls on mountebank stages, &c. We have introduced the Harlequin upon our theatres, and it is one of the standing characters of modern pantomimic fun. The term took its rise from a famous Italian comedian, who came to Paris in the reign of Henry III., and who frequenting the house of M. de Harley, his companions used to call him *Harlequino*. i. e. little Harley; a name which has descended to all those of the same profession. *Mime* is a term in ancient comedy, signifying buffoon, or mimic, who acted by gestures suitable to the person or subject he represented. The *Mimes* usually acted without socks or stockings; their heads were shaved close, like the fools on mountebank stages; their dress, like that of our Harlequins, was composed of bits of cloth or linen of different colours. They sometimes appeared in magnificent senatorial robes of purple, to divert the people by the ridicule and contrast of a senator's robe and a shaved head. Thus Harlequin is sometimes on our stage bedight in the garb of a gentleman. To this dress they neglected nothing that could amuse the populace. This kind of amusement was given even at funerals, and the actors were called *Archimimes*. They went before the coffin, and described by gestures the action and manners of the deceased, as well as his virtues and vices. Julius Cæsar was a great admirer of pantomimic farce, and made a celebrated mimographer a Roman Knight, and conferred on him the privilege of wearing gold rings. *Pantomime*, was a person who could imitate all kinds of actions and characters by signs and gestures, without speaking.

The pantomimes made a part of the theatrical entertainments of the ancients; their chief employment was to express in gesture and action whatever the chorus sung, changing the countenances and behaviour as the song varied. Under the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius, the pantomime was the favourite amusement of the people, they were moved, and wept at it, as much as at tragedies, and the passion for it was so strong, that laws were obliged to be made for restraining the Senators from studying the mimic art. The English received the first plan of



their drama from the French, among whom it had its first rise towards the end of the reign of Charles V. under the title of the *chanroyal*, which consisted of pieces of verse, composed in honour of the Virgin, or some of the saints, and sung on the stage. The humour of those pieces took wonderfully among the people, insomuch, that in a short time there were formed several societies, who began to vie with each other in them; and one of these, to engage the town from the rest, began to intermix various incidents and episodes, which they distributed into *acts* and *scenes*, and had as many different persons as were necessary for the representation. Their first essay was in the *Bourg St. Maur*, and their subject the *Passion of our Saviour*. The Provost of Paris prohibited its continuance; they made application to Court; and to render it the more favourable to them, erected themselves into a friary or fraternity, under the title of "Brothers of the Passion." The King on seeing and approving some of their pieces, granted them letters of establishment in 1402, upon which they built a theatre, and for an age and a half acted none but grave pieces called *moralities*, till the people growing weary of them, they began to intermix farces or interludes, taken from profane subjects. This mixture of farce and religion displeased many; they were re-established by an Act of Parliament in 1548, on condition of their acting none but profane, yet awful and decent subjects, without intermeddling with any of the mysteries of religion; and thus were the Brothers of the Passion despoiled of their religious character, upon which they mounted the stage no more in person, but brought up a new set of comedians, who acted under their direction. Thus was the drama established, and on this foundation arrived in England.

#### THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

A new candidate for histrionic fame, in the higher walks of the Drama, has made his appearance at Covent Garden Theatre. His name is Bennet, and a native of Bath, in England. He made his first appearance in the part of *Richard the Third*, was well received by the audience, and is likely to become a favourite. The London critics say, that he has the habits of a novice strong upon him. His figure is not disadvantageous, and is rather above than under the middle size. He has a countenance capable of some kinds of tragic expression, though those may be limited to the sterner and more solemn. His voice is of considerable volume, but his faith in its power sometimes betrays him into perilous trials of its compass. Two or three times his loudest tone gave way at once, and sank into a whine, which was mimicked by some wits in the gallery, with rather a ludicrous effect. But the actor has powers which may deserve cultivation. Some parts of the dialogue were delivered with remarkable effect: the soliloquy during the murder of the princes, the interview with the princesses on his march, the night soliloquy before the battle, and the few wild sentences that burst from the Usurper's distraction during the fight, were evidences of his capabilities. The tent scene was spoiled by an over-anxiety to be original. His recovery was too slow, the transitions of his countenance, too reluctant and limited in its expression, were inadequate to fill up the interval of silence, and nothing but the vigour with which he closed the scene could have saved him from the censure which a portion of the audience seemed prepared from the beginning of the night to visit on the actor. His final scene, violent as it must be, was probably the most natural to this vehement performer. He fought well, though with perhaps too much deference to the idle custom which turns two English war-

riors fighting for life or death, a crown or a gibbet, into two fencing-masters. But he received the death-blow characteristically; he lost his sword in a final effort with both hands to cleave down his adversary, and then plunged forwards on his head, like a man flinging himself down a precipice. His death was followed by loud applause.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### MEMOIR OF COMMON CORMAC, THE IRISH MINSTREL.

*Common Cormac*, or blind Cormac, is supposed to be the last of the order of the minstrels, called *Tale-Tellers*, of whom Sir William Temple speaks so fully in his *Essay on Poetry*. He was born May, 1703, at Woodstock, near Ballindungon, in the county of Mayo, Ireland, of parents poor and honest, remarkable only for the innocence and simplicity of their lives. Before he had completed his first year, the small-pox deprived him of sight; this circumstance, combined with the indigence of his parents, precluded him from receiving any of the advantages of education. But though he could not read himself, he had the happiness of conversing with those who had read; and although he remained without learning, he yet obtained knowledge. Discovering an early fondness for music, a neighbouring gentleman procured a professor of the harp to instruct him on that instrument, and Cormac received a few lessons, which he practised *con amore*; but his patron dying suddenly, the harp dropped from his hand—it was unstrung, and stern poverty prevented its repair. But cheered by poetry, the Muse of whom he was most enamoured, he listened eagerly to the Irish songs and metrical tales he heard sung and recited round the "the crackling faggots that illumined the hearths," of his father and his neighbours. His mind being thus stored, and having no other avocation, he commenced a *Man of Talk*, or *Tale-Teller*.

He was now employed in relating legendary tales, and reciting genealogies at rural wakes, or in the hospitable halls of country squires. He has been often heard to recite some of those Irish tales which Macpherson has so artfully interwoven with the texture of the epic poems, which he does Ossian the honour to attribute to him. Endowed with a sweet voice and a good ear, his narrations were generally graced with the charms of melody. He did not, like the *Tale-teller* mentioned by Sir William Temple, chant his tales in an uninterrupted even tone: the monotony of his modulation was frequently broken, by cadences introduced with taste at the close of each stanza. In rehearsing any of Ossian's poems, or any composition in verse, it was much in the manner of the cathedral service; but, in singing some of his native airs, he displayed the power of his voice—and on those occasions, his auditors were always enraptured. It is asserted that no singer ever did Carolan's airs or Ossian's celebrated hunting song, more justice than Cormac. But it was in poetry Cormac delighted to exercise his genius. He composed several songs and elegies, which obtained general applause. His Muse, tender and affectionate, was awakened by the call of gratitude, and his poetical productions are mostly panegyric or elegiac. He sometimes indulged in satire, but not often, though endowed with a rich vein of that dangerous gift. Cormac lived much respected and beloved by all classes; he was twice married, and had children by each wife; he died about the age of eighty-five.

##### CHARACTER OF DERMODY THE POET.

Dermody was one of those unhappy young men, who preferred a life of dar-

ing profligacy to the dull and unvariable sameness of virtue; and the time that should have been occupied in the cultivation of his talents, was uselessly spent in their display. He united a depth of poetic intellect, and a great harmony of versification rarely to be met with in the same individual; and could turn with equal facility "from grave to gay, from sullen to serene;" but if we thus praise his excellences in poetry, how shall we extol his classical attainments? Horace and Homer he was alike acquainted with, and could, unabashed, before a large company, read a passage in either; then put the book in his pocket, and give a fine poetic translation of the passage he had just delivered; and likewise, to his credit be it recorded, that before he had attained his fifteenth year, he had acquired a competent knowledge of the Greek, the Latin, the French, and Italian languages, and knew a little of the Spanish. We have now filled up the sun-light of the picture, and there remains nothing but the odious task of enumerating the dark and disgusting shades that deformed it. He was an epitome of every variety of vice, and unblushingly avowed it, without making those excuses that most of her votaries do; such as—"it was against my consent, but I was led into it;—it was unfortunate, but we are all the victims of circumstance;"—excuses, in reality, as frivolous as they are despicable, but which have some weight in the charitable eye of the world. Dermody despised this mental hypocrisy, and setting his arms a-kimbo, laid his hand upon his heart, and said fearlessly, "I am vicious, because I like it."

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.  
CAMPBELL.

##### PROCEEDINGS OF THE EDINBURGH WERNERIAN SOCIETY.

On the 25th of February last a very able scientific essay on different modes of applying the power of the steam-engine towards impelling vessels through the water, was read at the meeting of this Society. The advantages, the different construction, and the application of the paddle or wheel, to this purpose, were detailed at considerable length; and were followed by statements of several other ingenious contrivances: such as a spiral worm working in a cylinder, which receives the water at the bow, and expels it at the stern; a series of horizontal pumps, &c. The memoir is intended for publication.

Professor Jamieson read an article on the natural ferocity of beasts of prey; combating the notion that the same species of animal was naturally more savage in one part of the world than in another; and attributing the apparent difference to the knowledge which the animals may have obtained by experience of the power of man. He gave several instances in corroboration of the position; stating that the authors who have affirmed the contrary, have drawn their facts from the habits of those animals which have existed in the neighbourhood of civilized human beings; and have thus, apparently, assumed the effect of locality as an original difference of disposition.

The horn of a rhinoceros found in Scotland was then produced; it was rather more than two feet in length; slightly curved; of very great weight; and of large circumference at the base. It was a very interesting subject for reflection, as well as an object of admiration.

A stuffed specimen, and also a skeleton of the Dugong, was then produced to the Society. This animal is of the whale tribe, inhabiting the seas about Java. It wants the *blow-hole* of the whale. The

anterior part of the skeleton has much resemblance to that of quadrupeds. The head exhibited many peculiarities; amongst which the teeth were the most remarkable; besides incisores and molares, there was an intermediate range, distant from the others, of what might be called canine, were they not too numerous to make that designation correct; there were three of them on each side of the jaw; they are supposed to discharge the first functions of the molar; that is, of dividing previous to grinding. The molares were round and flat; the distinctive characteristics of animals not carnivorous. The stuffed specimen might be about three and a half feet long. This animal has large mammae in the anterior part of the body. It frequently raises itself out of the water; and its round face, together with the mammae, have given rise to the fable of the mermaid.

A living ichneumon was let loose upon the Society, which caused no small disturbance, by running about amongst the legs of those present.

#### RELICS OF ANTIQUITY.

It has been frequently observed, that objects of this description are, and have been, more safely and certainly preserved by the worthlessness of the materials of which they are composed, than by the most scrupulous precaution and anxious care. Some of the most valuable works of the ancient masters, wrought, or cast in precious metals, and tempting the avarice of an unenlightened possessor, or the rapacity of a barbarian conqueror, have been melted down, and for ever lost to the collector and antiquary. Accident, in a few instances, has preserved them for the amusement and instruction of posterity. The following instance is too remarkable to be omitted:—

In the year 1656, a fisherman dragging his net on the banks of the Rhone, in the neighbourhood of Avignon, was considerably obstructed in his work, by some heavy body which he feared would injure the net. Proceeding slowly and cautiously, he at length drew it on shore untorn, and, on examining its contents in the presence of several persons collected on the spot, he found that it was a round substance, in the shape of a large plate or dish, thickly encrusted with a coat of hardened mud; underneath he observed it was a dark coloured metal, which induced him to consider it as iron.

A silversmith accidentally present, encouraged the ignorant finder in his mistake, and after a few affected difficulties and demurs, purchased it of the poor man for a trifling sum. The crafty knave immediately carried it home, and after carefully cleaning and polishing his purchase, it proved, as he before suspected, to be of pure silver, perfectly round, more than two feet in diameter, and weighing upwards of twenty pounds. Fearing that so massy and valuable a piece of plate, offered for sale at one time, and at one place, might produce injurious suspicion, and troublesome inquiry, he immediately, without waiting to examine its beauties, divided it into four equal parts, each of which he disposed of at different and distant places. One of the pieces, which had been sold at Lyons, falling into the hands of Mr. Mey, a wealthy merchant of that city, and a well educated man, he directly saw its value, and after great pains and expense in procuring the other three fragments, had them nicely rejoined, and this rare unique was at last placed in the cabinet of the late king of France; of its fate, during the tumults of the French Revolution, nothing is known.

This relic of antiquity, precious in every point of view, and no less remarkable for its workmanship, than for the occasion on which it was made, and the extraordinary place and manner in which it was found, had been buried at the bot-



tom of the Rhone more than two thousand years. It was in fact a votive shield, presented to the heroic and excellent Scipio, as a monument of gratitude and affection, by the inhabitants of Carthago Norva, now the city of Carthage, for his generosity and self-denial, in delivering one of his captives, a most beautiful virgin, to her original lover; a story familiar to most classical, and to many general readers. This transaction, so honorable to the general character, who was then in the prime vigour of manhood, is represented on the shield, and an engraving from it may be seen in the curious and valuable work of Mr. Spon.

#### SUBTERRANEAN PHENOMENON.

A curious fact in natural history, relating to the city of Cordoba, is mentioned in an account of the Diocess of Tucuman, published many years ago at the end of a Lima Almanac. The river Pucara, upon which the city stands, formerly abounded, it is there said, with many kinds of fish; but they were all, except one species, destroyed by a tremendous hail-storm. The calamity was accounted for, *more Catholico*, by the sinfulness of the Cordobans, who, though they had so prolific a river, had persisted, almost generally, in eating forbidden food upon meagre days. The fact is worthy of notice because something similar occurred while Major Gillespie was in that country. In the middle of March there was a dreadful thunderstorm, accompanied with hail-stones of unusual size; and on the following morning the banks of the river, on both sides, were strewn with fish, some far above, and others level with the water, the destruction being so entire, that the fishing, in which he and his fellow-prisoners till then had found excellent sport, was from that day at an end. Fish could not be cast ashore by any storm, however violent, unless they were brought to the surface of the water by sickness or death. By hail-stones alone, of any magnitude, they could not have been injured,—against them, indeed, the water was as effectual a protection as against rain. If the effect were electrical, instances would surely be more common. Is it possible that the convulsion in the atmosphere may have been connected with any subterranean discharge?

There is a singular phenomenon at Cordoba, which shows that more is going on under ground in those parts, than is known on the surface. A subterranean sound is frequently heard in that city, which Dobrizhoffer describes as dull and heavy, like the sound of a wooden pestle and mortar, or of a pavior's rammer, to which latter the common people compare it, and therefore call it *el pison*. During a residence of two years he heard it but once; but he speaks of it as a well known phenomenon, and as if it occurred by night only; and he says that the sound passes from street to street, "*surdus hic, et nescio quid triste sonans, strepitus ex alia in aliam plateam excurrit.*" The vulgar, he says, believe it to be the tramp of some spectre-horseman riding through the city. His own explanation, with which he declares himself perfectly satisfied, is, that it is a subterranean wind roaring in the caverns of the earth, and endeavouring to find an issue; for in the hollows and crevices of the ground he thought he could discern unequivocal vestiges of frequent earthquakes. In the Lima Almanac the sound is likened to the rattling of wheels over a paved way, and supposed to be produced by a subterranean river, in a rocky and hollow part of its course; and a traditional prophecy of S. Francisco Solano is referred to, that such a river would one day swallow up the city. Dobrizhoffer also notices rock-thunders among the cliffs of this neighbourhood; he heard them distinctly on a fine night, when the air was still and

the sky clear, and he compares the sound to the discharge of cannon, saying he could have sworn that some fortress was cannonaded. He was then a few leagues from Cordoba, on the Pucara, at a place where lime was burnt; the inhabitants assured him that these sounds were peculiar to the rocks about them, and that they occurred almost daily; and he observes, that often as he had travelled among what he calls the Cordoban Alps, he had never heard anything of the kind elsewhere. Lewis and Clarke, in their journey, heard precisely the same kind of sounds among the Rocky Mountains.

#### Institution for the Education of Blind Children at Vienna.

This institution, with some similar establishments to which it has given rise, is one of the benefits that have resulted from the French Revolution. The founder and governor of the Vienna Institution for the Blind, Wilhelm Klein, was born at Wallerstein, studied law at the late Academy of Stuttgart, and held a considerable situation in his country. In the year 1800, when the storms of the Revolution were for the second time affrighting the continent, he voluntarily laid down his office, and went to Vienna, where he obtained an appointment at the newly-regulated Poor-house. Here he determined to attempt the education of the blind; and, by appropriate occupations, to render them useful to civil society. At that time there existed but one institution for educating the blind, that of Valentine Haüy, founded at Paris in 1784, but of which Klein had no opportunity to take a nearer inspection. He was therefore obliged, on the outset, to contrive the method by which he instructed his first blind pupil, and to find out, by himself, the requisite means for that purpose. This first essay succeeded beyond his expectations; and already, after three quarters of a year, the first pupil in the spring of 1805 could undergo a public examination. The various parts and accomplishments taught him within so short a period, gave a convincing proof of the possibility of attaining the end in view, and of the propriety of the means adopted. Government, and the public, were now vying with one another in supporting the projector in his benevolent undertaking for the good of the blind. The number of the pupils increased. The Institution for the Blind was reckoned amongst the curiosities of the imperial city, and frequently visited both by natives and by foreigners.

The children are admitted between the ages of seven and twelve, and six years, at least, are required for finishing their education. Music forms the beginning. From twelve to fourteen pupils, partly with wind, and partly with choral instruments, perform several pieces, according to the rules of the musical art. They join so accurately, observe time and every thing else with such precision, as to leave nothing to desire. This is not a laboriously-acquired mechanical expertness without theory. They are acquainted with the noting system, are able to practise whole pieces by raised and tangible notes; and the instruction in music is founded on theoretical principles, on their fine musical ear, in which they excel the greater part of those who can see, and on the always preceding instruction in singing. By these means they make rapid progress even in the execution, so that, if larger pieces are but twice or thrice played to them, they enter fully into their comprehension. Two boys of twelve years play a four-handed sonata of Mozart's with the greatest accuracy.

For reading, they make use of a raised letter-press, which they read very expeditiously by the touch. With this letter-press, several mottoes, prayers, almanacs,

tables for history, and other objects to be found at the institution, have been printed, and are so in part by the pupils themselves. Writing is practised in the usual way with a lead pencil, a pin, or with ink. I observed (says a visiter of the Institution,) several boys write very legibly a theme dictated by a stranger. As it so happened that these very children had been blind from their birth, and had therefore never seen the figure of a letter, I could not but consider this the most difficult part of the instruction of the blind. A particular kind of characters, that appeared as if pierced through with pins, but was, as we saw afterwards, done with letters consisting of fine points, affords material service to the blind. These characters are legible to them by the touch; and they correspond, by means of them, with their absent parents and relations, who answer them in similar characters. We had an opportunity of seeing such letters, directed to a young girl at the institution descended from a good family, and which had been written by her mother, residing at the distance of eighty leagues from her.

For the purpose of teaching the elements of arithmetic, the machine called the Russian ciphering machine, with small variations, has been introduced at the institution. Raised figures for the touch, which are placed next to one another, and under one another, on tables provided with many co-partments, or small divisions, serve for ciphering in the accustomed manner. These children will solve any question in the simple modes of reckoning, make any calculation, mentally, that relates to the rule of three, and connect various fractions.

It is generally supposed that the blind, at least those that are born so, are unable to conceive any just ideas of the size, distance, and form of bodies. Some exercises of these pupils, however, show the contrary. They measure all that comes before them with rules with raised divisions, or by a measure transferred to their own body. They state the length of a walking-stick by measuring it with the span. In the same way they estimate angles and corners by degrees. For instruction in natural history, models of animals made of paste-board are provided, by which the pupils are not only able to distinguish animals from one another by the touch, and to find and point out the particular characteristics of each, but the cleverest will even form each animal in wax upon a contracted scale, and so as not to be mistaken. Of very large objects, such as houses, steeples, &c. there are likewise models extant, which the pupils imitate in paste-board, with some variations in size and form. All this is treated as preparatory to mechanical labours, in which many have acquired an astonishing dexterity.

Their usual manner of making their playing-cards is very ingenious. Of the fifty-two cards, each has but a few slight punctures made with a needle, not visible on the outside, but which may be felt on the inside. At each of the four sides this mark is put on a different place; and the pupils are withal so sure of their tact, that they play among themselves, and with those who can see, several games without stopping. It has been asserted that the blind are able to distinguish colours by the touch, but which seems in itself a contradiction. So much is certain, that at the Vienna and the Paris Institutions, among so many able scholars, not one blind individual has ever attained, in the proper sense of the word, to such a knowledge of colours.

The following are the occupations introduced at this Institution: knitting, spinning, lace-weaving, and paste-board work. The pupils also make twine or packthread, cords and lines, nay, even new leather shoes, and repair old ones. The boys construct, of polished wood,

small cabinets of various forms very prettily. Both girls and boys perform besides all kinds of domestic work. As the strictest order and regularity prevail throughout the house, and every thing retains its assigned place, they never stumble against any object, and always find their way. They know one another not only by the voice, but likewise by their step, and are very affectionate to each other. They are active and busied the whole day long. The elder instruct the junior ones; and, in their leisure hours, they divert themselves in the yard and garden, where they are particularly fond of playing at skittles, in which game they have acquired so much skill, that even in the company of players, whose optics are perfect, they never lose.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

*Animal Sagacity.*—A few days after the commencement of the late frost, a pig, which had till then been kept a close prisoner to his sty at Stockport, (Eng.) was let out for the purpose of being cleaned and his bed replenished. On opening the sty door, he anticipated the purpose of his liberation by running to the stable, from which he actually carried, one by one, two sheaves of straw to his sty, holding them in his mouth by the band. The straw being intended for another purpose, he was not allowed to retain it, and it was carried back to the stable; but Porcus seizing another opportunity, absolutely regained them, to the amazement of several persons who were placed to observe the extraordinary instinct of this learned pig.

*Animal Digestion.*—The digestive power of some birds is astonishing. A large nut with its shell is easily ground to pieces in a turkey's gizzard; and the recipe for fattening turkeys, by giving them one or two in a day, is not so ridiculous as may at first appear. Four-and-twenty large nuts have been forced into a turkey's craw at once, where they were heard to rattle, upon filfilling the neck on the outside; next morning they were all gone, having undergone the operation of grinding in the gizzard. Although digestion is performed by trituration in gizzards, yet it remains to be shown that it is brought about by the same mechanism in membranous stomachs.

*Pain in the Ear.*—The most effectual remedy yet discovered for this disorder has been a small clove of garlic, steeped for a few minutes in warm salad oil, and put into the ear rolled up in muslin or thin linen. In some time the garlic is reduced to a pulp; and having accomplished its object, should be replaced with cotton to prevent the patient taking cold.

*Health of London.*—Sir Gilbert Blane, in some remarks on the comparative health and population of England at different periods, which he has lately published, states, that the annual mortality of London in 1700 was one in 25, in 1750 one in 21, in 1801 and the four preceding years, one in 35, in 1810 one in 38; and in 1821, one in 40. Sir Gilbert conceives the causes of superior health to consist in a general improvement in the habits of life, particularly with regard to ventilation and cleanliness, a more amply supply of water, particularly since the new Water Companies began to supply the town—greater abundance, and better quality of food—the improved state of medicine, and the better management of children. An analogous improvement in salubrity has occurred in the other large towns of the kingdom.

*The coco de mer*, a large species of cocoa nut which is found only in India, is converted to a variety of purposes. The



wood, which is sufficiently firm, except in the centre, may be used in many ways: at the summit of the tree is the cabbage, which though more bitter than that of the common palm, forms an excellent pickle. A hundred leaves make a good house, including not only the roof, but the sides, partitions between apartments, doors, and window shutters. The down of the leaves is put into mattresses and pillows; their stalks formed into baskets and brooms: and the hearts of the younger leaves cut into narrow lengths, from which hats for both sexes are made. The fibrous covering of the nut is manufactured into rope, and the shell universally used as a pitcher, many containing six or eight pints; divided longitudinally, it makes plates and dishes; and when small, forms drinking cups.

The much-agitated question, whether whittings or herlings are young salmon, or a distinct species of fish, seems to be set at rest by a decisive and well-authenticated experiment. In May, 1820, Mr. Relph and Mr. John Barnes marked 1475 fry, by taking off the dead fin, and returned them to their native element. In the ensuing season, many of them were recaptured as whittings; in the second, as sea-trout and gillse; and lately a fine salmon, weighing ten pounds, so marked, was caught at Stainton, England, and has been seen by a great number of persons.

**Literature.**—A catalogue of the library of the Emperor Napoleon, which was removed from St. Helena, has just been published in London, where they are now for sale. Many of the works are illustrated and adorned with notes and observations in the hand-writing of the illustrious exile; and like all literary relics of celebrated men, will hereafter be considered of inestimable value. Bonaparte would appear to have been a critical reader, and to have perused all books with a pen in his hand; his observation was so minute, that even the most trifling typographical error did not escape his eye. The notes in many of the books are most curious indeed.

A rabbit was killed on the 31st January, at Curzey, Cornwall, which instead of the two lower front teeth, had two ivory tusks in the shape of those of a wild boar, measuring, previous to being taken out of the jaw, an inch and a half in length.

The skeleton of a rhinoceros was discovered a short time ago, by some miners in search of lead ore, ninety feet below the surface of the earth in the neighbourhood of Wirksworth, (Eng.) in what is called diluvial soil. The bones are in a perfect state, and the enamel of the teeth uninjured.

#### MINERVA MEDICA.

**Asthmatic Complaints.**—A few ounces of honey taken every day; or a strong decoction of hoarhound drank in the morning, fasting, and two or three times or oftener in the day, of the quantity of a large tea-cup, has been known to be successful in relieving what is called the dry Asthma; and for the humid, it seldom fails if persevered in.

**Poisoning by Opium.**—In the London Medical Repository four cases are related by eminent medical practitioners, which prove the decided efficacy of cold affusion in the treatment of poisoning by opium. One of the cases instanced by S. Wray, Esq. Surgeon is as follows:—"I was called in Jan. 1821, to Mrs. E. who had half an hour before taken about two ounces of laudanum. I found her in a state of profound stupor. Her pulse was much quicker than natural—her pupils were dilated, and no internal remedies could be administered. I had recourse to cold af-

fusion, which produced the most decided benefit. A large bucketful of cold spring water was brought into the room, and a quart basinful was forcibly thrown on the head and chest. It roused her on the first application, but immediately afterwards she relapsed into the same state of stupor. By resorting repeatedly to the same means, in about ten minutes I had the satisfaction of hearing her speak. An emetic was then administered, which operated freely. Vinegar and water were given afterwards, and on the least tendency to drowsiness the cold affusion was repeated. I had the gratification, the following day, of seeing this lady perfectly restored." Mr. Wray has found cold affusion decidedly efficacious in cases of extreme intoxication from spiritous liquors.

**Alvine Concretions.**—Mr. Children, in the year 1821, examined some concretions found in the colon of a young man in Lancashire, after death, which consisted of animal matter (chiefly gelatine) resin, ammoniac—magnesian phosphate, phosphate of lime, and vegetable fibre. The animal matter formed about one-fourth of the whole weight, the vegetable fibre one-fifth, and the earthy salts and resin composed the remainder of the calculus. It is well known that oatmeal, in some shape or other, forms a very large proportion of the food of the labouring classes, in the northern parts of England, and in Scotland. The young man from whom these horrible concretions were taken (the largest of which Mr. Children states to have weighed 1036 grains, and the whole together no less than 4½ ounces) was of that class. The disorder appears to have been originally occasioned by his swallowing a large quantity of plum stones, under a strange idea, prevalent in the neighbourhood, that they would assist the digestion of the unripe fruit; accordingly, in two of the calculi that were sawn asunder, a plum stone was found in the centre, having served as a nucleus, round which the ingredients of the concretions had collected, and were matted or felted together by the oil-fibres. The poor patient lingered in torments, from February to May, when he died completely worn out.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### A VISION.

This afternoon, as I was sitting alone in my chamber, I experienced a vacuity of the mind, a tranquillity of the soul, that often visit me. They are painful to me, for while my mind wants that buoyancy which is necessary to sustain it in active studies or connected reflections, it is still sufficiently alive to make me feel the gloom of solitude, and the agony of disappointed hope and anticipated misery. I felt as I often feel, that I was placed at a distance from my species, that the organs of my frame, the elements of my mental and immaterial being, destined me to live alone in the world. This sensation inflicted upon me a torture so refined, that it seemed as if the earth itself could not conduce to one feeling of gladness; that the efforts of all mankind could not excite in my heart an emotion of pleasure. I leaned my head upon my hand, and gave way to the suggestions that came uppermost in my mind. They were at first gloomy and uncomfortable, according with the temper of my nervous system; but fancy at length assumed the reign, and my musings became more agreeable.

Methought that I was in a country of delightful verdure, and was entertained with the voices of innumerable birds. Fruits of delicious taste and fragrance hung on the trees, and the eye could take in many beautiful rivulets that seemed to have been formed to complete an assemblage of elysian delights. I walked along in some measure enchanted with the novelty and aspect of the surrounding ob-

jects. I know not in what place I was. It wanted the fervour of an Indian sun, yet the natural productions seemed to be those of the torrid climes. Those rich and delightful fruits which distinguish the countries of the south, abounded in the fields. Their ardent and delicious hues, unknown under the northern skies, were every where presented to the sight.

I rambled about, taken up with the charms of the country. Every thing was new to me—was unlike all that I had ever before known. In my walk I found a beautiful arbour surrounded by refreshing shades. I entered, and found it decorated with beautiful paintings and costly furniture. On tables of polished marble I saw baskets of strawberries and oranges, and a selection of the most palatable fruits. Wines were contained in goblets of gold, and every thing wore the appearance of plenty and happiness.

I walked into an interior apartment, the door of which stood open, and beheld lying on a sofa, a young girl in a sweet slumber. Her breathing was hardly apparent, so tranquilly did she sleep. She was of uncommon beauty, and Raphael might have selected her as a model for his angels. Her hair hung loosely on her neck, which resembled a pillar of the fairest alabaster. Her mouth had an expression of benignity; and as her lips were a little parted, a row of teeth which rivalled in fineness the pearl itself, could be seen. I was as in a scene of enchantment. All around was strange—but all was lovely. I leaned over the sleeping beauty with feelings that were inexplicable. I felt myself impelled by an irresistible influence to impress a kiss on the cheek, "where the rose and the lily seemed contending for empire." I stooped down—I trembled—and touched with my lips the dimpled cheek; but the slumber was broken, and she started to find a stranger in her summer-house, and so near to herself. I apologized for the intrusion; and when the apprehension of the moment had subsided, she was not displeased at my visit. I talked to the stranger with pleasure, and she affected no reserve.

She seemed to me like one of those true children of nature, whom the fondness of fathers has nurtured beyond the deteriorating influence of the world. She was simple, and spoke like one unaccustomed to society; but her simplicity was delightful. To me, who had never seen any but women bred in the world—women, whose whole conduct, whose entire motives are guided by absurd and positive rules; to me, I say, her simplicity was as the simplicity of an angel.

I sought to ingratiate myself with this incognita, and she seemed, from her unacquaintance with men, to have viewed me in a somewhat favourable light. She knew not the coquetry of the belles, and therefore was in a manner undisguised. I felt as I have often done since my adolescence, completely in love; and as every thing was so new to me in this region, I saw no motive why I should conceal my admiration from its charming object; why I should hide a feeling which was pure and unalloyed. I told it in her ear, and she did not scorn me for the avowal; but as if it accorded with the fitness of things in this fairy land, she smiled upon me. This girl, thought I, was doubtless destined for me in this charming sojourn; and surely I could not find a companion more fair. I kissed with transport the lovely Angelica, (for such I had heard her call herself) and deemed myself happy as mortal could be. But alas, "what man can be called happy before he dies?" The stentorian voice of Cato, calling "massa, come to tea," sounded in my ears like a death knell; and I awoke in my own room with the sooty face of the black before me, instead of the expressive eyes, and the dimpled cheek of the fair Angelica.

ANASTASIO.

#### EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. III. of Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Royal Tailor, Part First.—Prince Orgus and the Country Girl.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Account of the Battas, a race of Cannibals in the interior of Sumatra, No. I.*

LITERATURE.—*Inquiry as to the author of the Waverly novels, No. III.*

THE DRAMA.—*Paris Theatres, No. III.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Gainsborough, the Portrait Painter.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Vegetation of Plants.*

—*On Respiration.—Movable Gas Lights.—Perfumes, a preventive against mouldiness.—Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.—Natural History.*

CORRESPONDENCE.—*Happiness.—My Couch.*

POETRY.—*Sketches, by Florio; with other pieces.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS. "To a Kiss," has been received, and will be inserted.—The "Parody on Pope's St. Cecilia Day," is of too serious a cast for our columns.

GLEASER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

#### THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

A Fanning Mill, which is said to clean 100 bushels of rye in one hour, and 52 bushels of Indian corn in seven minutes, has been invented by Mr. David Nevius, Flatlands, L. I.

A beautiful Orrery or Planetarium, invented by Mr. Hart, principal of the Mechanics' School in this city, is deposited for exhibition at the bookstore of Messrs. Bliss & White, Broadway.

A Missouri paper states, that a wagon was taken, in the early part of last spring, from the vicinity of Franklin in that state, which cost there but \$150, to Santa Fe, where it was sold for \$700.

Much interest is excited in Philadelphia as to the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, and a determination appears to be formed to finish it as soon as possible. Twenty-two thousand dollars were subscribed by four individuals in one day.

Within thirteen months the increase of buildings at Mobile is stated to have been equal to 100 per cent. in point of value, and that the price of building lots had advanced still more.

The phenomenon of three suns rising at the same time, was witnessed at Shawneetown, on the Ohio, on the 16th February. The preceding night had been exceedingly cold, and the particles of frost in the atmosphere, (said to be the cause of parhelia or mock suns) were very numerous, the preceding day being distinguished by the heaviest fall of snow that had been seen at that place for some years. The sun was surrounded by a brilliant corona, or circle, apparently a little larger than those seen occasionally around the moon, and the parhelia were both in the circumference of this circle, on either side of the true sun.

#### MARRIED.

G. H. Smith, Esq. to Miss Cornelia H. Penny.  
Mr. Wm. Young to Miss Fanny Jane McIlree.  
Mr. John Henry Smith to Miss Anna Medgley.  
Mr. Martin M. Smith to Miss Sarah Hedden.  
Mr. Thomas F. Field to Miss Mary Ann Roberts.

Mr. Leonard Bond to Miss Maria Mildeberger.  
Mr. James Ansley Brittain to Miss Rebecca Ann Prall.

Mr. Thompson Price to Mrs. Caty Ann Davidson.

Mr. F. A. Lohse to Miss Elizabeth Sutter.  
Mr. Edward Thebaud to Miss Emma Boisabain.

Mr. Wm. S. Conely to Miss Eliza O'Connor.

#### DIED.

Mr. John I. Brower, aged 73.  
Mr. John B. Glashan, aged 27.

Mrs. Ann Force, wife of Ephraim Force.

Mr. Hyacinth Agnell, aged 73.

Mr. Henry Mactier, merchant.

Matilda, wife of Mr. James Calhoun.

Mr. Frederick Rausch, aged 69.

Mr. George Bell, aged 41.

Mr. Thomas Pope, architect, 54.

Jacob Delamontaigne, Esq. aged 58.

Affey, wife of Mr. John E. Parker, aged 55.

Mrs. Elizabeth Morris, relict of the late David Morris, aged 69.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

## TIME.

BY FLORIO.

Triumphant Time! thy wayward course began  
When young creation's bloom was fresh and new;  
When to illumine the heritage of Man  
The light of Eden sparkled on the view;  
When earth was fair, and every breeze that blew  
Across her bosom murmured gently by,  
Full-fraught with fragrance; ere the tempest flew  
In fearful gloominess to veil the sky,  
To shroud its beams, and hide its golden dye.

Then Man was happy, innocent, and young,  
His hope unclouded as the heaven above;  
Then angel woman to his bosom clung,  
And wakened all her witchery of love:  
She came from heaven like the Almighty dove,  
To win his soul with seraph tenderness:  
Her flowery bonds of bliss she interwove,  
To bind his spirit in her fond caress,  
And life was blessed, bright, and sorrowless.

Then, then, oh Time! thy wing was waving light,  
To fan the flowers that beautified thy way;  
Then was existence teeming with delight,  
And sparkling in a gay and glorious day;  
Then was the spirit, in its mortal clay,  
Breathing as with a pure celestial glow;  
But sin and sorrow came in dread array,  
To blight the buds and lay the blossoms low,  
And earth became a hermitage of woe.

Ah, mournful change! that paradise, so fair,  
So beautiful and happy in its bloom,  
And glorious spring, and primal freshness—there  
Came Melancholy in her shroud of gloom,  
And Care to waste, to wither, and consume  
The aching spirit in untimely blight:  
Then bent the soul of Man beneath its doom,  
When Innocence and Virtue took their flight,  
And left the world involved in sorrow's night.

Yet still hath Man a ray of bliss on earth—  
The garden of his life hath still a hue—  
While shines his morning in its hour of mirth,  
Cloudless awhile, and robed as yet in blue—  
That germ of paradise, so fair to view,  
Is fond Affection's first and purest spring,  
When each emotion of the heart is true,  
Ere Hope hath lost her buoyancy of wing,  
Or the cold world hath brought its withering.

Oh, ever dear and hallowed be the hour  
When angel Love descends on rosy wing,  
To cull the blossoms in life's young May-bower,  
And lull the anguish of Affliction's sting!  
Oh, ever-blessed be that holy spring  
Whence flow the streams of love and faithfulness,  
In purest waves of gentle murmuring,  
Shedding a balm on every rude distress—  
Fountains of bliss in the world's wilderness!

Oh, ever dear and hallowed be the hour!  
Let youth enjoy it ere its sweets be fled;  
Ere the dark storms of destiny shall pour,  
And break in rude commotion o'er the head;  
When the fierce shaft of misery hath sped  
Unto the breast, and griefs are gathering rife,  
The memory of its blessings shall be shed,  
A beam of gladness on the world of strife:  
A rainbow on the shrouded sky of life!

Sublime Time! Stern conqueror of all!  
Avenger of the follies of mankind!  
Pride, honour, power, and grandeur own thy thrall,  
And are by thee to nothingness consigned:  
But canst thou master the immortal mind?  
There, all in vain dost thou thy fury pour:  
Its march is onward—free and unconfin'd—  
Such as the Roman annals showed of yore,  
And such as glorified the Grecian shore.

Oh, there was glory's consecrated clime,  
Where Sappho breathed, and where Anacreon sung;  
Where genius flourished in the olden time,  
And dwelt upon the Athenian's gifted tongue;  
His, who the thunderbolts of Philip rung,  
And urged his countrymen to fight to dare,  
Where heaven itself a Homer's lyre had strung  
With chords that echoed sweetly on the air,  
As if the melody of heaven was there!

And there was Valour's spirit, proud and high,  
Which shone resplendent on the cloud of war;  
Where Mars himself poured forth his battle cry,  
And lashed the couragers to his blood-dyed car,  
As shone the ray of conquest from afar,  
The bosom of each hero, on whose eye  
It beamed a guiding and a natal star,  
Like Israel's fiery pillar, streaming high,  
And blazing bright athwart the Egyptian sky!

There fell the Spartan—fearlessly he fell,  
And smiled in the red agony of death;  
Yea, there was triumph in his battle-knell,  
And victory in every ebb of breath:  
Undying glory twined the laurel wreath

Round the lone cypress that overshades the grave,  
Memorial of the one who slept beneath,  
Of him whose life-blood poured forth like the wave—  
The young, the proud, the generous, the brave!

Undying glory! Man may pass away  
Like the light bubble floating on the stream,  
Like the expiring blossom of a day,  
Or the frail dew drop in the sunny beam:  
Yes, short and transitory is his dream  
Of youthful love, joy's evanescent hour,  
Of hope's beguiling and bewitching theme;  
But when the storms of fate and ages lower,  
Glory defies and mocks their baleful power.

For this, all time hath hallowed the high name  
Of Helle's chieftain, and of those who led  
The bold ten thousand of immortal fame  
Through slaughter's field, o'er heaps of Persian dead;  
And of that brave Miltiades, who sped  
E'en as a lion from the forest lair,  
To hasten where war's banner was outspread,  
And waving like a silver cloud in air,  
To try the bloody strife, to fight—to triumph there.

For this, the unfading light of glory smiles  
On the blue Dardanelles, and on the bay  
Where in their beauty spread Ionia's isles,  
Washed and cove-nanted around by ocean's spray—  
For this, eternal Summer sheds her ray  
On high Parnassus, and that Helicon,  
Where the Muse chanted her bewitching lay  
In days of yore—that melody is gone,  
And those loved bowers are desolate and lone.

Yes, here—oh, here the scythe of Time hath swept,  
The torch of Time hath gone abroad to burn;  
And here, for many an age, hath genius slept,  
But not unhonoured, in the noiseless urn—  
Still doth the eye with kind expression turn  
To that illustrious and all hallowed clime,  
The light of former ages to discern,  
When genius flourished in its lofty prime,  
And the mind sprung triumphant over Time!

And thus it is: kingdoms may fall in dust,  
The coronals of empire may decay,  
The sceptre perish, and the helmet rust,  
And power and proud dominion pass away;  
These are the transient baubles of a day:  
But the mind glows in its immortal bloom,  
And genius sheds an unextinguished ray  
Upon life's scenes of dreariness and gloom,  
Victorious over Time—victorious o'er the tomb!

## TO THE TURKISH CRESCENT.

Proud banner! in slaughter deep dyed  
The flight of long ages hath found thee,  
Expanding thy folds in presumptuous pride:  
While the shields of the mighty were round thee:  
Thou hast waved mid the pomp and the din,  
And the panoplied rush of the fight,  
When the ranks of the valiant grew broken and thin,  
As the Saracens strode in his might;  
But the day of thy doom is recorded on high;  
The storm of thy ruin envelopes the sky.

For the voices of thousands unite—  
The spirits of thousands combine  
To dash thee in dust from thy towering height,  
And thy glory to darkness consign:  
There are murmurs prophetic and loud;  
There are gatherings of nations from far—  
Behold in that wild and tumultuous crowd  
The lion prepared for the war;  
Beware the fierce lion—he tosses his mane,  
Impatiently waiting the feast of the slain!

There's a tramp on the turf, and a sound  
Of headlong and furious speed,  
And the stamp, and prance, and the paw of the ground,  
'Tis the bounding of Thebes's steed;  
And the helmeted rider is there,  
With the blaze of revenge in his glance—  
Far glitters the flash of his sabre in air,  
And the plumes o'er his morion dance;  
See! he buries the spur in his courser's red flanks,  
And breaks the firm front of the Ottoman ranks.

Who presses amain in hot haste,  
Thus covered with dust and with foam?  
'Tis the Sultans' chieftains, the lord of the waste:  
He comes from the hills of his home:  
He comes! in impetuous might—  
He comes! in victorious joy—  
Like the angel that rides on the tempest of night,  
His arm is outstretched to destroy:  
The clangour of steel and the war-shout resound,  
See, see the proud Crescent is hurled to the ground!

Lo! the storms in dark violence break  
O'er the Pass where Leonidas died—  
Awake, Spartan spirits! dead heroes, awake  
On the spot where ye fell in your pride!  
Hark! the trumpet is sounding the air,  
It sounds o'er the earth and the waves of the sea:  
Your sons are embattled, and sternly they swear  
That earth and those waves shall be free!  
And God hath looked down on that Christian array  
And hath broken the yoke of the infidel's sway.

Now the red cross is floating in peace!  
The free Hellespont rolls its glad waves;  
Triumphantly shout the bold heroes of Greece,  
For free are their forefathers' graves:  
Prophetic and true be the strain!  
Earth! red be thy breast with the Ottoman's gore,

Till freedom shall smile on Ionia's main,  
On the fair Cyclades and Piers's shore—  
Break forth, thou bright mora, when all nations shall see  
The land of the bard and the warrior FREE!  
1822. FLORIO.

## For the Minerva.

To D——. (By a young Lady.)

O yes, 'tis thee I truly love;  
And now that passion's force I know,  
Nor whim nor fancy e'er shall move  
My heart the feeling to forego.

When thou art absent, then I think  
On every look, on every sigh;  
Yet oft in melancholy sink,  
And doubt and fear, I know not why.

When thou art near, I cannot say  
How much I prize thee, love thee, still—  
A look can melt my soul away,  
A touch my nerves to transport thrill.

I could for thee, name, wealth despise,  
In poverty and toil feel blest;  
Drink sweet delusion from thine eyes,  
And smile at ruin on thy breast.

The love of others now I spurn,  
With coldness all their pain can view;  
For thee alone I fondly burn,  
O youth beloved, be ever true!

For should I meet thy loss, thy hate,  
Death would my only refuge prove,  
Nor could I for his coming wait,  
Life were a blank without thy love.

## For the Minerva.

The Emigrant's Farewell to Scotland.

AIR.—"Gloomy winter's now awa."

Adieu the land that gave me birth!  
Ye dearest scenes of youthful mirth;  
Though exil'd to remotest earth,  
My heart shall warm to Scotia.

Though forced across Atlantic's wave—  
Ye tyrants! I'll its billows brave;  
Its depths I'd rather were my grave  
Than be your slave in Scotia.

Then welcome, free Columbia's woods;  
My bed the fields; my covering cluds;  
The humblest fare, the coarsest duds,  
Than be your slave in Scotia.

My Country! O how dear thy name;  
My bosom bleeds, my passions flame;  
In tears I mourn thy fading fame—  
O curse thy foes, auld Scotia!

Yet though foul tyrants lord their sway,  
And frown at Freedom's faintest ray,  
Yet Liberty's resplendent day  
Shall flight the fiends frae Scotia!  
Then Exiles for their country's sake,  
When bloody tyrants glut the stake,  
Again shall tread the "Land o' cakes,"  
And guard thy weal, auld Scotia.

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

## Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—House-wife.

PUZZLE II.—Side-board.

## NEW PUZZLE.

In the whispers of lovers it holds the first place,  
Though it flies from each love, and abandons each grace;  
In America's war-whoop how loud is its cry!  
Yet from battle its practice is over to fly:  
With wealth it can sit on the sofa of ease;  
Yet with want it disdains not to lie on its knees:  
It leads on the warrior against the foe's charge,  
Though the lance it abhors, and affects not the target:  
It mounts on the wings of the furious wind,  
Though to storm and to hurricane never inclin'd:  
In the maze of the world you its presence descry,  
For it sits in the wrinkles of Tabitha's eye;  
It lives in the whirlwind of fashion; fulfils  
Its part in the waltz, yet abandons quadrilles:  
It affecteth the old modes of fashion, and wears  
Its design in a wig, instead of natural hairs:  
With the sword ye clept dress, worn at court, as the ton is,  
It cuts a gay dash comme les beaux macaronies;  
But sooth 'tis not seen in the great aristocracy,  
Nor eke 'mid its opposite, sturdy democracy:  
It seeks not the king, nor the church, but the law;  
Hath its strength in the cod; it delights in a law,  
But yet in the courts it doth never preside,  
Full sooner 'twould sport on the watery tide:  
From Britain it lies, yet its seat is in Wales;  
It exists in the world, yet in nature it falls,  
In life it is not, for it has not a breath,  
Yet it is not extinct, for it is not in death.

## CHRONOLOGY.

## The Christian Era.

- 862 Great part of the Sicavonians converted by the care of Lewis, King of Germany. They obtained a liturgy in their own language.
- 864 Lothario obliged by a council, held before the legate, to take back his wife; maltreated her, and left her soon after.
- 865 The Saracens desolated Italy; Lewis forced them to retreat: he took and demolished Capua.
- 866 Lewis continued the war against the Saracens in Italy: they seized Campania. The Bulgarians embraced the Christian faith. Michael caused his uncle Bardas to be assassinated.
- 867 Basil, the Macedonian, informed, that the Emperor intended to make away with him; prevented him by assassination, and made himself master of the empire.
- 868 Lothario returning from Rome, where he was absolved from excommunication, died. Charles, King of Provence, died. Charles the Bald seized that kingdom, and divided it with Louis of Bavaria.
- 869 Charles the Bald took possession of Lorraine, and was crowned King of it by Hincmar.
- 870 Pope Adrian II. threatened to excommunicate Charles the Bald, for seizing the dominions of Lothario. The Danes ravaged England, set fire to York, killed Edmund, Titular King of the East Angles.
- 871 Death of King Ethelred, after a reign of six years. He was succeeded by Alfred, surnamed the Great, the fourth son of Ethelwolf, who fought many battles with the Danes, and at last overthrew them.
- 873 There fell in France a shower of locusts of an extraordinary size, they devoured in one night the bark and the twigs of young trees, and dying soon after, occasioned a considerable pestilence.
- 874 The Saracens laid waste Italy and Africa. The Sorabes and the Subians were vanquished by Lewis, of Germany. The Danes continued to infest England and Scotland.
- 875 Death of the Emperor, Louis II. without male issue. Charles the Bald went to Rome, and was crowned Emperor, on Christmas-day.
- 876 Charles, the Emperor, crowned King of the Lombards, at Pavia. Death of Lewis, King of Germany, the 59th year of his reign. His states were divided among his three sons, Carloman, Lewis, and Charles surnamed the Fat.
- 877 Charles the Bald, going into Italy to assist the Pope, was poisoned by his physician, a Jew. Lewis, surnamed the Stammerer, succeeded as King of France.
- 878 King Alfred compelled Gunthrum, King of the Danes, with some of his chieftains, and men to be baptized, and afterwards to leave England. Pope John flying from Rome, came into France, where he crowned Lewis the Stammerer.
- Rome was taken by Lambert, Duke of Spoleto, and Adalbert, Marquis of Tuscany.
- 880 Death of Carloman, King of Bavaria. Lewis of Germany took possession of his dominions. The Normans laid waste France. Charles the Fat going to Rome, was crowned Emperor on Christmas-day.
- 882 Death of Lewis of Germany, and of Lewis III. King of France, who was succeeded by his son Carloman. The Normans burnt Treves, sacked Liege, Cologne, and several other cities.
- 884 Death of Carloman, King of France, at the chase. Charles the Fat took possession of his whole kingdom, to the exclusion of Charles the Simple, posthumous son of Lewis the Stammerer.
- 886 Alfred rebuilt the city of London. Death of the Greek Emperor Basil. He was succeeded by his son Leo V.
- 887 The Normans laid siege to Paris. Charles the Fat made a shameful treaty to induce the besiegers to retire. His German subjects revolted to Arnoul, natural son of Carloman. His troops all deserted him, and not a servant remained with him; he would have died for want had it not been for Luitprand, Archbishop of Mentz.
- 888 Death of Charles the Fat, after having governed an empire almost as extensive, as that of Charlemagne, for near six years. His states were divided into five kingdoms. The Bulgarians desolated Greece: Leo sent considerable subsidies to the Hungarians, a people come from beyond the Wolga, that they might assist him. The Bulgarians proved victors.

## THE MINERVA.

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